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ANDY BURT.

upon the sleep that knows no waking with the work in which he has been in this world. So passes a good soldier, trained and in which he expects to ki a brave officer of the peace, a faithful make his career, is gambling desperfriend. For Andrew J. Burt there will ately with his most precious possessincere mourning among hundreds sions, character and future. of his friends and acquaintances, for he was the sort of man that makes friends SAVED BY A WOMAN. easily, that holds friends firmly. True blue was "Andy" Burt. Peace to him, saved Johann Hoch, wife-murderer, the "peace that passeth all understand- from the gallows. There is no good rea-

in one of the city offices. A few days ment job in order to accept a private ago this same young man, without money, without friends, died in an at- government was mighty glad to get rid tack of delirium tremens. If the truth of Paul. is told on his grave stone the inscription will read: "Ruined by politics."

This may be called an extreme case, an exception. Unfortunately, it is nothing of the sort. In your own act case where about two months in prison quaintance there must be one or more for each cent stolen would about fit the young men whom politics has ruined. Perhaps they have not gone into drunkards' graves, but some of them are near to that end, and others are moneyless, friendless, useless. They became accustomed to political office mand like that should have been favorand when the upheaval came they were ably acted upon. unfitted for ordinary work.

If they had never left their original positions, if they had continued to devote their entire time to their private business, giving no thought to "some thing easy in the political line," the would have been solid, substantial, useful citizens. Political office of the ordinary sort is a mighty good thing for the average young American to let severely atone. No matter how good it may seem to him at the time, he cannot afford to take it.

View the question from the sordid standpoint of money. We will say that a young man who is earning \$100 a month in a business house is given a city position at \$125 a month. He thinks he is going to make, and consequently to save, more money. The first thing that looms up on his political horizon is the political assessment. He cannot get out of paying it.

Then come the thousand and one litstandpoint of money. We will say that a young man who is earning \$100 a month in a business house is given a city position at \$125 a month. He thinks he is going to make, and consequently to save, more money. The first thing that looms up on his political horizon is the political assessment. He cannot

get out of paying it.

holders. He must buy tickets for this, that and the other thing. He must be a good fellow, for he is expected to make friends for himself and his chief. The Sons of Buttinskis give an outing. He must go out and buy beer, pay for raffle tickets and "be a prince." That \$125 a month is dwindling rapidly now. The young man is lucky if \$100 of it is

available for his personal use. Meanwhile he is forming harmful asociations. He is beginning to believe that public money is easy money; that ne should do just as little work for it as ossible. Time passes and the young man becomes more trifling every day, ess fitted to make a place for himself in the world of business. Then comes the inevitable. His party goes out of power. He finds himself without a position, without money. And it is surprising how rapidly the friends of a deposed public official drift away from

If the young man had continued in his original occupation the chances are that his salary would have been advanced, his position bettered, the friendship of his employers strengthened. As it is, he is nothing, has noth-

There are exceptions to the rule, yes, but it may be laid down as a very safe "Andy" Burt has answered the last general proposition that the young Friday evening he entered man who takes a public office out of line

A woman has, temporarily at least,

position at \$50,000 a year because the

An Indiana man has been arrested for stealing twelve cents from a Salvation Army donation box. There's a

A broker who sued for \$7,000,000 as commission for selling a mine has lost the suit. Surely a modest little de-

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte announces that he will accept no railroad passes. He probably expects to do mos of his traveling on a government yacht.

Talking about quitting one place for another with a higher salary-didn't Mr. Roosevelt quit an \$8,000 job to accept one that pays \$50,000?

Where the Gang Rules. (Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Upon What Money Should a Couple Wed

(Helen Oldfield in Chicago Tribune) There are few men and fewer women who do not at some time during their lives entertain the idea of marriage, and no question is more seriously considered or more frequently asked than: Upon how much or upon how little money is it safe, not to say prudent, for two people tomarry? Like most questions of deep import it is one which demands a different answer in every case. "It depends."

different answer in every case. "It depends."

Men and women also are of so many different minds, such varied temperatments, with such widely differing standards and desires that no hard and fast rules may be made for any two, especially not by other people. The manner of man, the manner of women, training, temperament, environment, and above all, character, have each and all much to say in the premises. And since the contract is presumably for life it is the bounden duty of every man and woman to think carefully again before he or she assumes a burden which by every law of love and honor one must bear bravely and well to prove "niddering"—an old Saxon term for craven.

honor one must bear bravely and well to prove "middering"—an old Saxon term for craven.

In the first place the question involves both physical and mental ability, and endurance of body, of heart, and of spirit, not only personal but vicarious, which to the best and noblest is harder. "A wife and children are poverty's teeth and they bite hard," says Victor Hugo. Neither can it be otherwise than bitter for a loving woman to feel that perhaps her husband might have climbed higher without the weight of herself.

"What is enough for one is not enough for two; no arithmetical formula has ever been discovered by which the half may be made equal to the whole. Yet it is certain that it some hands a single dollar will accomplish more than two in others, nay, as much as ten, sometimes when strength, knowledge, and good will go to the effort What it costs to live has long been and must continue to be a vexed problem in political as well as in domestic economy. It is not so much the love of money as the lack of it which is the root of evil. "Be happy and you will be viftuous," paraphrases Mark Twain; be rich, while you may fall short of goodness, you are scarcely apt to be openly criminal. "Enough" is an elastic term, Omar Khayyam's. sook of verses underneath the bough,

or no referred and acquisitances, for he was the heavy term in the makes of heavy to the control of the way of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the control of the public eyes for the pasts of the public eyes for t

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

That Will Keep Him Hustling.

(Atlanta Constitution.) After President Roosevelt has stopped the slaughter in Manchuria he may find lime to again take up the great American railroad wreck question and stop the slaughter there.

Andy Knows All About Those. (Atlanta Journal.)

"Scotty" says that he has received 24,-682 begging letters. "Scotty" should be able to put Andrew Carnegie next on the die poor proposition. Doing His Best With Two Feet.

(New York Telegram.) Notice that Colonel Rooseveit is camp-ing on Lloyd's Neck, L. I. Wish he'd jump on the necks of some of the other fellows who deserve it.

Had Better Ring the Door Bell. (Kansas City Star.) What happened to the man who was arrested for climbing over the White House fence ought to be a warning to Thomas W. Lawson.

Vanished Like Smoke. (Chicago News.) As examples of "mysterious disappearances" Willie Tascott and Charlie Ross were not in it with Scotty of Death Val-

Chance to Begin at Any Time. (Washington Star.)

If Mr. Rockefeller had thought of it it time he would possibly have endowed few free lee factories.

Makes It Rather Speckled. (Anaconda Standard.)

Even Wizard Burbank will admit that
the Depew peach has not been improved
by grafting. LONG-AGO ANECDOTES.

Events Related by a Former Senate Page.

(Washington Star.)

(Washington Star.)

A. H. Ragan, a prominent member of the Oldest Inhabitants' association of this city, was for a long number of years in the employ of the United States senate, first as a page and afterward as one of the assistant doorkeepers, his entire term of service lasting more than a third of a century. Naturally Mr. Ragan has a fund of interesting reminispences, and to a few friends one evening last week he related quite a number of them.

"When I made my debut as one of the senate's pages," said he, "that branch of congress met in the old chamber that is now the half of the United States supreme court. There was no gas in those days and the chamber, as well as that of the house of representatives, was lighted by an immense chandeller of oil lamps that were pendant from the middle of the ceiling. I witnessed an incident one day that came very near being a deplorable tragedy. The gallery was just over the vice president's chair and in the front there was an iron railing. The seat of Senator James A. Pearce of Maryland was in the front row of desks and almost directly beneath this railing. On the occasion I refer to Mrs. John P. Hale, wife of the senator from New Hampshire, with a party of laddes, occupied the first range of seats in the gallery. Mr. Hale was holding her parasol over the rail, when it slipped from her hand and fell with its sharp point downward right upon the head of Mr. Pearce, He was rendered unconscious by the shock, and so great was the excitement that proceedings in the senate were suspended. The wound bled profusely, and the senator was taken to one of the committee rooms to receive surgical attention. Mrs. Hale, in great distress, left the gallery to ascertain the result of the accident and was profuse in expressing her regrets, lier husband tendered his earnest apologies to the Maryland senator and Mrs. Hale wrote him a letter expressive of her sorrow at the occurrence.

An Unpleasant Incident.

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An Unpleasant Incident.

"While speaking of Mr. Pearce I am reminded of another incident that was not very pleasant. I was called to the door to take the card of a gentleman to the senator and of course I went promptly. Mr. Pearce seemed somewhat disgruntled that morning and he scowled as he looked at the card. 'Go back and say to that gentleman,' he said, 'that I won't see him. I deeline to be bothered.' That was a rather harsh command to me, but I repeated his message to the visitor, who became very indignant. He simply said: 'You can say to Mr. Pearce that I will see him in the state,' and then he went away. Not many minutes after that Mr. Pearce came to the door and asked for his visitor. When told that he had left, the senator said: 'I was too hasty. I would not have that happened for \$1.000.'

"Senator Pomeroy of Kansas was quite a character in his way," continued Mr. Ragan. "This incident! I am about telling you did not come under my observation, but was told to me by a Missouri man who was present when it happened. It was during the time when flerce war was being waged between the free state men of the Kansas and the border rufflans, who were principally Missouri men. The feud between these two factions excelled in bitterness any enmity between the north and south. It was 'war to the knife and the knife to the hilt,' as the old saying is. Pomeroy was a vigorous leader among the free state men, though I do not know if he was among its soldiers. He was active enough in the free state cause, however. The Missourians were under the command of David R. Atchisen, who was at one time senator from that state, and was also president pro tem. of the senate. one time senator from that state, also president pro tem. of the salso president pro tem. of the salso president pro tem. of the border in element captured Pomeroy. They know who he was, but they in to General Atchison's quarters, order ruffan chieftain did not lemeroy either, but was eager to on and string him un without be clergy. When the Kansas man hight before his eventy, that con the control of the con of clergy. When the Kansas man was brought before his enemy that gentleman sang out: "Well, who are you?" Pomeroy was not in uniform, nor had he any weapons about him. He looked like a preached, and when Atchison thundered out his ouery Pomeroy's quick wit served him well. 'I am only a meek and lowly servant of the Lord,' he responded, and Atchison as promptly yelled out to one of his men to 'turn that preacher out.' If he had known who that 'meek and lowly' man was it would have been

Familiarly Called "Old Beans." "One day I was sitting at my door on the southern side of the senate cham-er," said Mr. Ragan, "when a fine look-ing, breezy sort of a man came up and, anding me a card, said: "Send that in to "Old Beans," if you

"'Who's that?" said I. "I thought everybody knew "Old Beans," said it, "I thought everybody knew "Old Beans," said the stranger. 'It's Senator Pomeroy. We fellows in Kansas love him. He came out there one day from Boston with barrels of beans when everybody was nearly starved to death, and it is only in affection we call him Beans. He don't mind it."

He don't mind it.

"I took his card to the senator, who appeared in a moment and seemed delighted to see the man who alluded to him as 'Old Beans.

"Pemeroy was a very careful man and a very economical one. He didn't like to see things wested. One day he careful to see things wested.

bighted to see the man who alluded to him as 'Old Beans.'

"Pomeroy was a very careful man and a very economical one. He didn't like to see things wasted. One day he came out at my door just as I was biting off a big chew of tobacco. He stopped and looked at me a moment. 'Young man, said he, 'don't you know you are spitting away farms?'

"Once.' said the ex-page, "congress had prepared a book containing a number of maps. Some plans were being discussed regarding change of some kind in the city, and old maps were very valuable. There was quite a demand for them. I asked a senator for one of these books, and he kindly compiled with my request. There was another page with whom I was on very friendly terms. In these days he is known as General John M. Wilson and was engineer officer of the board of district commissioners. Everybody knows and respects him. This young man became aware of the fact that I was the happy possessor of one of these coveted maps and told me that his relative—an uncle. I think—Dr. Nairn, the well known druggist, was trying to buy one. That aroused my cupidity and I made. A double quick march to Dr. Nairn's drug store and sold my book. Dr. Nairn gave me one of those little gold dollars for it. About three days after that the senator who made me a present of the document called me up. What did you do with that book of maps I gave you? he said.

"I told him that I sold it to Dr. Nairn for a dollar. Then I received a lecture that I have never forgotten. 'Yes,' he said. 'I saw the maps in Dr. Nairn's store. It cost the government more than that for the books I was told, and then I was made to onen my eyes upon the discourters of selling a gift. I told the senator I never did such a thing before and never would again, and that closed the incident. The donor was always a good friend to me, and I have long ago forgiven General Wilson for getting me into that scrape.

An Appropriate Illumination.

An Appropriate Illumination.

"When gas was used for lighting up the senate it was turned on and a match applied to one of the jets. These jets were close together, and in Jess than a second almost the whole chamber was brillantly Illuminated.

"I recollect on one occasion when Judah P. Benjamin of Louislana was delivering an oration in that silvery tone of his, when as the evening advanced the daylight began to recede and it became necessary to turn on the gas. This was done from the roof of the chamber. The senator was making a grand speech, at least so far as his eloquence was concerned. It was full of poetical language and brilliant sentences." In its continuance he had just said, 'But soon there will be the dawn of a great light given to us,' and just then the man whose duty it was to light up did so. The coincidence was a subject of great remark, and was followed by the senator with a peroration that was sublime in its splendor.

"Judah P. Benjamip was a most suave and gentlemanly man. His voice was soft and sweet and almost womanly, while he had a manner of the kindest courtesy. Pierre Soulee, who was also at one time in the senate from Louisiana, was also one of the most polished and affable gentlemen I have ever met.

"And now while I am talking of senators from the Pelican state I will relate a little event that happened when Mr. Slidell—John Slidell, who, with Mason of Virginia were taken from the English steamer Trent by Commodore Wilkes, the act arousing fears of a war with England—is the senator I allude to. Senator Slidell one day requested the services of a page to carry a note to his wife. His residence was then on H street, next to the old Corcoran residence, facing Lafayette square and the White House. The letter was handed over to one of the boys, named 'Billy' Wirt. When Billy got up town he spied a milkman that he knew and also knew that he supplied the Slidell mansion. and upon being essured by the vender that he was delegated him to deliver the letter. When Mr. Slidell were

heaped upon her by sending her a letter by a man who had a sort of yoke upon his shoulders with two great pans of milk pendant therefrom, his rage for a moment knew no bounds. It was greater than it would have been had he been called an abolitionist. Wirt was scolded from Dan to Beersheba. Slidely first vented his ire upon old Father Bassett, who was responsible for the conduct of the pages, and Bassett went for Wirt. My imagination is too weak to picture the scenes."

NOBODY KNOWS

Only a kiss on the baby's face, Only a kiss with a mother's grace. So simple a thing that the sunbeams laughed, And the bees ha-hahed from where they quaffed. Only a kiss, but the face was fair, And nebody knew what love was there-Nobody knew-but mother.

Only a word to a mother's joy, Only a word to her parting boy, And the changing lights on the window shone
As her boy went out in the world alone.
Only a word from a mother brave,
But nobody knew the love it gave—
Nobody knew—but mother,

Only a sigh for a wayward son,
Only a sigh, but a hopeless one,
And the lights burned dimly and shone
with a blur—
Could a mother condemn? 'Tis human to only a sigh as she took his part, But nobody knew what it cost heart-Nobody knew-but mother.

Only a sob as the tomb doors close, Only a sob, but it upward rose, And the lights in the window flickered and died, And with them her hope, her joy, her Only a sob as she turned away; But nobody knew as she knelt to Nobody knew-but mother.

Thought Most of Hat.

(New York World.)

When the wind was in its most capricious mood yesterday afternoon a woman at that mysterious age when her friends speak of her as "well preserved" made a dash around the Flith avenue corner of the Flatiron bullding. Her gown was the lightest of summer musins, and on her head she wore a marvelous creation of gauze and flowers.

Every vagabond breeze in that vicinity instantly saw an opportunity to do stunts. Sooner than it takes to tell it, the summer muslin was describing the most alarming aerial flights. But its owner, a hand on either side of her hat, kept on as stubbornly as though such a display of open-work hosiery were an everyday affair.

"Madam," cried another woman, rushing up to her, holding her own draperles in a tight embrace, "you are probably not aware of it, but your skirts are above your knees."

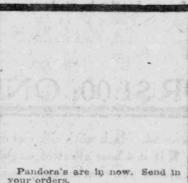
"I don't care," retorted the other, never moving a finger from the flower-laden bonnet, "I've had these legs for fortyeight years, but I have just bought this hat and paid \$18 for it, and I don't mean to lose it." (New York World.)

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ormed by Mrs. Slidell of the indignity WOMEN MUST KNEEL TO MEN.

This is the Law Among Many Tribes of East Central Africa.

are their inferiors, and many centuries ago they made a law that has worn itself into a custom that women must acknowledge this by always kneeling when they meet a man.

Duff Macdonaid, who spent many years as a missionary in that country, says that African women hold a most degraded position, and are looked upon pretty generally as beasts of burden, capable of doing all the hard work. When a woman meets any man, be it her busband or a stranger, at home or on the road, she is expected to "faididala"—that is, to kneel and clap her hands to the lord of creation as he passes. Although a woman may have slaves of her own, she observes this custom whenever she meets them on the hirhway.

Macdonald adds: "Whenever we saw a woman go out of her way with the intention of kneeling before us, though she carried a hundredweight on her head, knowing that she would have to get up with it, we shouted: 'You are losing your way; this is the path, and she took it, glad that she might dispense with this custom."

Certain it is that if the African woman knowledge this by always kneeling when

it, giad that she might dispense with this custom."

Certain it is that if the African woman kneels before a stranger or slave, she prostrates herself most humbly before her husband—her lord and master. He is her father and she is his child; he commands and she obeys; he may inflict punisment and she accepts it.

The title of "father" is given to all old people; a man of thirty will say; "I am only a child; ask the old man."

The woman must submit, of course. She is her husband's chattel; he has bought her for two skins of a buck, and this is a fair price for one wife. He often gets them in payment for debts.

If a girl is not a first wife she counts for little, as these Africans usually have one chief wife and three or four minor

40c Per Pair

(Chicago Tribune.)

Men in Africa, and especially in East
Central Africa, believe that their women

senses. If a junior wife is obstreperous she is put in a slave stock.

The authority of a chief wife is not a matter to jest with. If a junior wife gets unruly the whipping post is made use of. This does not annoy her lord, for African men have little sentiment for their wives and feel none for their junior wives. They are his chattels, having the same value as his cattle-perhaps less. When a man is pressed for money he usually selis his wife and not his cattle. He expects them to cultivate the soil and cut down the trees, and when he finds time or hes the inclination he helps them.

them. Mrs. Macdonald says that she amused herself by taking the loads of wood cut down by the women and placing them next to those of the men. explaining that civilized men try to relieve women of hardships, but they shook their heads and answered that their lords would never submit to this humility.

Real Thing.

(Chicage Daily News.)

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